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His statements are all founded on the most absurd assumptions, which, at once, exhibit a total ignorance of the real history of his own and other countries.—On this it may be sufficient to observe, that he speaks of Buddhism as the religion of Persia, while the truth is, the Persians know nothing about it; Budha being the deity of the Celonese and Burmese—and, at the same time, in his hurry to establish his theory, he has most unfortunately neglected to favor his readers with any description of the temples or the images in Ceylon, or in those countries where the worship of that deity is still practiced; and thus, in the very outset, we are left in the dark as to the comparison he attempts to institute. One thing certainly is satisfactory to know, that the “*hot poker*” is not now used among the Freemasons as it was formerly; at least, we do not discover any thing about it or any other of the secrets of Freemasonry throughout the volume, although this bears so prominent a part in the author's title page.

That the Council of the Royal Irish Academy deserve to be rather severely taken to task for their share in the publication, is unquestionable. To have such a melange go before the learned with the impress of the Society's award, to us appears highly discreditable to the Academy, as it must certainly tend to lessen their character in the literary world. We are aware of the circumstances of the case, still we do not consider them by any means such as would justify the Council of the Academy in their proceeding. In our opinion they are bound to certain rules from which they should not swerve. They should not give out of the Academy's fund one penny for charitable or eleemosynary objects. Literary merit alone is entitled to their reward, and their medals and premiums should be bestowed on literary merit only.—Giving twenty pounds for an essay composed of such wretched trash as that contained in the volume before us, we consider quite sufficient to sink the Academy in the opinion of the learned, and to render its decision in other cases, at least, questionable. When an essay or a work has received the coronization of the Institute of France, we are always certain it is of first rate merit, and the author is elevated; but when such rubbish as this of Mr. H. O'Brien's on the Round Towers of Ireland receives reward, and when the author is thus in some measure enabled to style it a *Prize Essay* from the Royal Irish Academy, the learned only smile with contempt on the givers and receivers, and estimate literature in Ireland very low. We, indeed, know the members of the Council of the Academy to be learned, intelligent, and astute, and readily impute this decision to its proper source—to kind and benevolent feelings: but this cannot be known by strangers, and therefore it is that we quarrel with their mode of acting. We have ascertained, that the motive which induced the Council to give the sum of twenty pounds to Mr. O'Brien, was not because it was considered a work of merit, but as a reward for his industry and ingenuity; and as the Academy are not responsible for the opinions of the essays, they thought, (at least one or more of them thought), it might be well to give to the world, even the lucubrations of Mr. Henry O'Brien, as they were outré; but it was especially provided that those points which were considered objectionable should be omitted. The work now published, however, is not only very different from that sent into the Academy, but all the objectionable passages are still retained.

We have heard it asserted that a large proportion of the precious compound was furnished by a ci-devant member of the Council of the Academy. This, however, we can scarcely credit; for however the opinions in the essay appear to correspond with some others which that learned gentleman put forward in his Penny Magazine, while it was in existence, we still think he has more of the necessary ingredient, common sense, than to perpetrate such a hoax on an individual he calls his friend, and for whom he was the chief means of obtaining the twenty pounds, as a remuneration for his labour in writing the same said essay.

In conclusion, we would remark, that while in our censures of the work we have been severe,

truth and common honesty required it; and as our Journal is devoted, in a measure, to the antiquities of our country, we felt called upon to make the observations we have done. Bad as the character of our countrymen may be, we never could agree to the idea of imputing to them, at any period of their history, superstitions so revolting and debasing as Mr. O'Brien would make it appear they practised as votaries of Budha.

Of Mr. Petrie's Essay, which really obtained the prize of fifty pounds, we can say nothing, as it has not appeared, and from the tardy operations of that gentleman, we do not calculate upon having a very early opportunity of criticising it. Of one thing we are certain, he will not feel it very desirable to have it placed in juxtaposition with the learned lucubrations of Mr. O'Brien.

Throughout the entire of Mr. O'Brien's volume, we did not discover any thing that pleased us so much as the following stanzas, by an American lady, which, like the greater portion of his work, is copied from one of the passing publications of the day:

THE WINDS.

“We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight;
And over the mountains and over the deep,
Our broad invisible pinions sweep,
Like the Spirit of Liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?”

Ye mark as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forest or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave:
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threat'nings fill the soul with fear,
As our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music ærial, still 'tis we,
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand,
We come and we go at his command;
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back;
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentlest air to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds!

THE MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

An author by profession may always be known by certain outward, unquestionable appearances of poverty, which are sure indications of genius and a total disregard for decency. His exalted pursuits elevate him above the paltry considerations of cleanliness: the luxury of a change of linen, or the perplexing extravagance of two coats, would only distract his attention from his literary pursuits, or frighten his bookseller out of all recollection of his person. His face should resemble a dried mummy, and his eye be sunk deep in the socket, like the wick of an expiring parish lamp; the skinny exterior of his upper lip should be well covered with snuff, and his teeth give proofs of his attachment to a social pipe; his hat should be of the fashion of his boyish days, pinched into a thousand eccentric forms, by way of amusement, while waiting in anxious expectation of a great man's notice, or a bookseller's liberality; his boots should be waterproof, i. e. one hole to let the water in, and another to let it out; his

pocket-handkerchief (if he does not use the sleeve of his coat) should have more holes than the French admiral's flag, at the battle of the Nile, and must on no account be washed above once in six months, for fear of wearing it out. In his carriage, he should preserve a gentle bend, by way of reducing his altitude to the level of common-place understandings. He should be exceedingly cautious how he frowns, lest it should be misconstrued into contempt; nor can he be too particular in the indulgence of a laugh, least it should be taken for derision. He may accept any invitation to dinner, and is never expected to return the compliment; nay, he may pop into any family, where he has the least footing, without hesitation, and take pot-luck, and charity prescribes the necessity of their pressing him to stay.

He must always be ready with a good joke cut and dried, to suit the humour of his company, to defend his host with, or amuse the family party. Every thing he says will be sure of applause, as coming from an author, and, above all, he must endeavour to be egotistical. If he should lack wit, and be without conversational talents (no unusual thing for a modern to want,) he need not be uneasy, if he can only manage to pass for an eccentric, and then his excessive stupidity will be placed to the account of his deep study and total abstraction. He should, on no account, shave more than once a week, because a long beard may be considered a mark of singularity inseparable from original genius. He must never think of paying his debts: first, because such a practice is wholly unprecedented and would ruin the whole profession by example; secondly, because, if any one has trusted him, he may be sure they did so from motives of charity and without hope of payment; or, thirdly, if any one has been

mad enough to indulge in such a chimerical expectation, his folly deserves correction. His residence should be in the attic of some old-fashioned building, where in times past, a celebrated poet was starved to death, or some distinguished literary character has since committed suicide. His furniture should be a truckle-bedstead with a flock mattress, and an old great coat for a coverlid; his couch or settee formed by the side or end of it; his box, for if he has no wardrobe to fill it with, he still should have a box, to give him consequence with his landlady, and serve the double purpose of shutting out prying curiosity from his papers, and forming a writing-desk by his bed-side. In writing he should be ambidextrous, and in catching an idea or a passing thought, jump instantly out of bed and commit the subject to paper on the inspiration of the moment. If he is ever imprisoned for debt, he should at tribute such an occurrence, not to any wild hope of enforcing payment, but merely as a friendly act, done in the idea that seclusion from the world may correct his idleness, better his fortune, and afford him at once the opportunity and incitement to pursue his labours. If he has not tasted of all these, and ten times more miseries than are here related, then he is no true author.

There are a set of dull, heavy, leaden-headed college mechanics, who having served an apprenticeship to the art of translating the classic languages, as they are called, lard their conversation with a succession of misplaced quotations, in monkish Greek or Latin, in the hope of passing for authors. Now be it known, we utterly reject any such pedantic persons, and any such claims to the rights and privileges of genius or the delightful sensations of the miseries of authorship.



BENBURB CASTLE.

The ancient castle of Benburb, situated in the barony of Dungannon, on the borders of the county of Tyrone, and but a few miles distant from Armagh, stands on a limestone rock, which rises upwards of one hundred and twenty feet over the Blackwater, and is nearly perpendicular on the two sides around which the river takes its course. It is thus, on those sides, rendered impregnable

by nature, while the height at which it stands over the surrounding country, must have made its defence a matter of very easy accomplishment by a very small garrison.—It was consequently regarded as a place of very considerable importance during the period in which the northern province was the theatre of war. It is rather strange, however, that whilst the generality of the old castles in the